

THE NEW PLAY

A Waste of Candles and Holland at Daly's.

THE Villain: "I don't smoke."
The Hero: "You will in time."
 But will you, John Glenarm, with your two-for-five wit—will you, we repeat, smoke when you take out your cigarette in the pale moonlight? Beware! Likewise BANG!

The Hero (gracefully dodging a bullet): "Bates, I believe I am in for a hell of a time."

(You KNOW that you are.)
The Hired Help, or Assistant Villain (foiled again): "Hell!"
Bates, the Busy Butler: "Downstairs, sir."



E. M. Holland as Bates, the Butler.

gery long before you borrowed an umbrella and splashed to Daly's. Of course, you don't know all this at the start. You don't know much of anything. You just grope your way through "The House of a Thousand Candles," with a knowing look from Bates now and then, and a funny hero to cheer you on your way.

As acted by Mr. Stephen Grattan, the hero is funnier than the play itself. He comes on like a "sidewalk conversationalist," neat, but not noisy, and gives himself no rest. Nothing can stop him, not even a bullet. Come what may, he is John Marshall Glenarm's grandson, and he is going to abide by the will and live in the candle-lighted house for a year, even if it isn't just his style.

Bates, the butler, looks on and approves. But Arthur Pickering, executor of the estate, doesn't. He wants to get rid of the rapid-fire grandson so that he may rummage about the place for hidden treasure, and hunt for a bunch of his notes that are coming due in the next act. So, what does he do but hire a low-down sneak to sound the house for secret passages and other hidden places, and to take a shot at Grandson John when no one is looking. In addition to the fortune, there is Miss Marian, who, for some strange reason, has fallen in love with John.

Well, things go on like this, with John hanging on to the house, until the head villain and his hired help try to get him out by "blow" out the candles and bang bang bang! the guns of the Sheriff and the rest of the pack out there in the dark and the rain, and high-handed villainy is about to triumph when Bates, the handy butler, opens the produces grandfathers—ALIVE!

And then—well, you can guess what happens. It may sound thrilling, but it isn't. It is simply ridiculous. The only weird thing about the play is the acting. Mr. Holland is excellent as the butler, but with the exception of Miss Isabel Roebuck, who makes Marian a pleasing young person—though a trifle tall for her age—the non-supporting company isn't worth a candle.

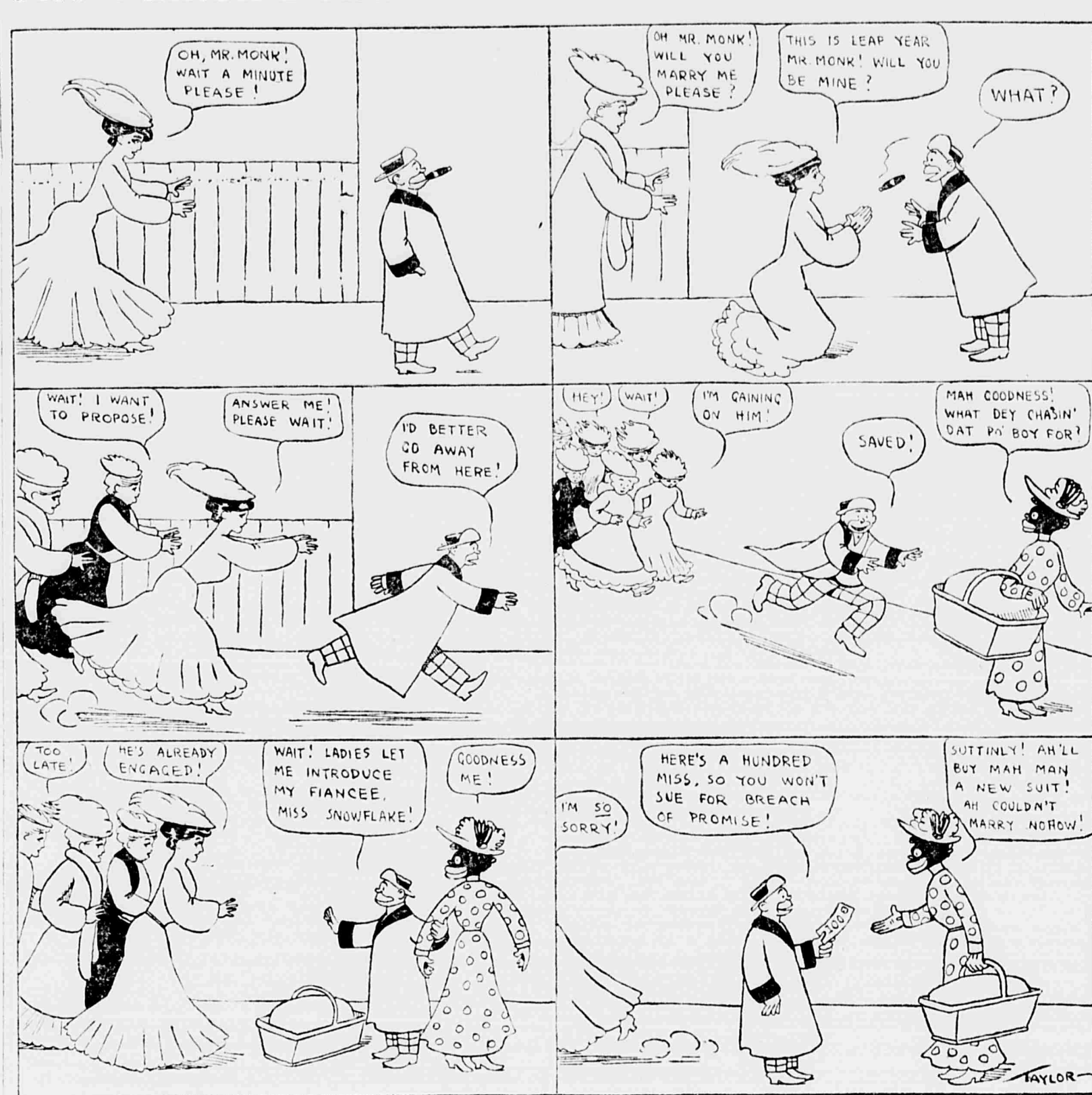
CHARLES DARNTON.

Maude Adams in Skirts Again.

Maude Adams is back in dresses again at the Empire Theatre, after three years in the knickerbockers of "Peter Pan." She is appearing in the dainty comedy "Quality Street" as "the fascinating, laughing Phoebe Throckmole of the ringlets." The reception given her in this part was both enthusiastic and flowery. A perfect shower of bouquets almost submerged Miss Adams after the third act, and the way the nosegays flew over the footlights made every woman in the audience wish that she

had a conservatory at hand to place on the Maude Adams shrine. "Quality Street" is by J. M. Barrie, whose delicate hall-mark is on all of the dialogue and pretty love scenes of the play. And Miss Adams' impersonation of the ringleted Phoebe possesses the same graceful, winsome charm that distinguished it when she made her first appearance in the role five years ago. Both men and women like this fragrant little Barrie creation, whose attractive, romantic qualities seem never to grow stale.

The Million-Dollar Kid



TALKS WITH GIRLS

The Powder-and-Puff Creation and the Girl From Home.



Gertrude Barnum

"THESE puffs don't quite match my curls, do they?"
 "It would never be noticed."
 "Does the pink show too much on my left cheek?"

"No, just lovely and even."
 "Ah! this cream powdering the dandy on my skin?"

Edna and I, while in the dressing room, putting on a few finishing touches for the ball, could not help overhearing the above dialogue between two girls who were monopolizing the mirror. Presently the topic of conversation changed.

"Who's your friend?"
 "Just a girl from home. I had to bring her. Style ain't her long suit, is it?"

"She certainly don't lace her waist or feet!"
 At this Edna's voice came over my shoulder in an undertone:

"I'll stake the 'girl from home' against the powder and puff creation when they get to the ball. The boys know the difference between a professional cosmetic demonstrator and a natural born beauty at first sight. I'll bet on the village belle against the beauty doctor."

It lent an added interest to the evening to watch the little drama in which the "powder and puff creation," her servile and adoring friend, and "the girl from home" were leading ladies.

The "creation" entered left, upon the arm of a regular Sixth Avenue tailor's model. With haughty grandeur she undulated into the limelight, clicking her stilet-like heels, switching her hips from side to side beneath a pipe-stem waist, and holding her hair-department-display erect as the fuzzy mop of a Zulu war-

rior. Behind her, in awed admiration, followed her friend, with a nondescript partner. And bringing up the rear came a cowed, awkward male relation of the "creation," escorting the girl from home.

There was nothing cowed or awkward about the girl from home. Joy emanated from every fibre of her being—the fresh joy of a child discovering new worlds to conquer. Not a self-conscious hair lurked in the sunny pompadour. The dancing eyes shone with gaiety, and the figure, strong and free, swayed rhythmically to the music of the band.

In a moment the party was surrounded by "the boys" and Edna began raising the bets upon her favorite.

"Did you ever see anything so happy outside a cradle?" she asked. "She's not stuffed with sawdust, she's real. The other girl looks like a Christmas tree ornament next to her. There's two kinds of beauty demonstrators. One kind demonstrates from the outside, and the other from inside out. The girl from home has the kind of beauty that don't rub off or fade on the line. When she's eighty she'll be lovelier than ever."

As the evening wore on we saw that Edna had "staked" the right beauty—the girl who had been raised in the sunshine and fresh air, who did not lace her waist or feet so that exercise was a pain instead of a pleasure; who was so natural and cordial that even her cowed, awkward escort developed ease and high spirits under her friendly influence.

During the "Home Sweet Home" waltz the professional cosmetic demonstrator, disheveled and weary, limped from the ball on tortured feet, un-noticed, while the village belle, fresh and rosy, swung out with a devoted swain the last delicious measures of the dance. As the "powder and puff creation" loaded her disenchanted tailor's model beau with bags and boxes of artificial beautifiers for the homeward journey, the girl from home lingered to say reluctant good-bys, and to promise new friends to "come again," and in her every look and gesture there was the beauty which is demonstrated "from inside out."

BILLY'S LEAP YEAR ESCAPE

WHEN the thirteenth girl to Billy had said: "Will you marry me, Billy?" he scratched his head. And wandered what to do. While a leap-year pair in his tired brain Went back and forth like a shuttle train And made him decidedly blue.

But when Miss Gray, who is fifty, they say, Commenced her winsome wiles,

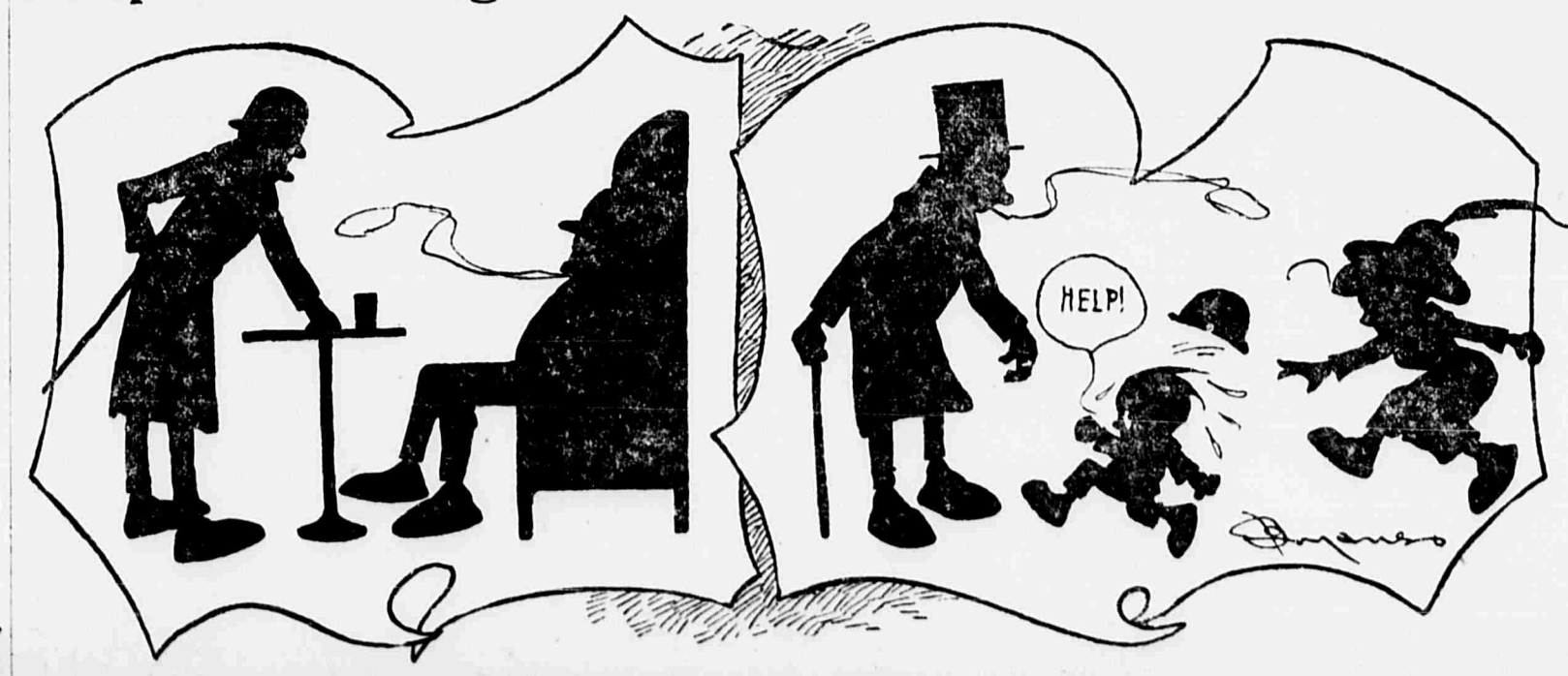
Unfortunate Billy, by love made ill, No longer responded with smiles. He seized his pen and he wrote her then A letter so short and cruel! That the lady, I'm told, grew faint and cold And had to be fed on gruel.

If Billy was right I'll not decide, You can do that for yourself. But thus he swatted the would-be bride.

By Jim Dash

And Cupid, the daring elf: "I much dislike to send you this note, But my advice to you Is that you go by the very next boat To the land of the kangaroo! Then should you miss in a year like this Some man whom Fate defends, You'll be in a place to go the pace Where leap year never ends!"

Leap-Year Laughs.



"You look worried, old man!"
 "Yes, Had three proposals last night and don't know which one I want to accept!"

"What's the matter, boy?"
 "Gee! Mamie says it's leap year an' she's goin' ter propose to me!"

By J. K. Bryans.

The Mutineers Steal the Ship.

After Days and Nights of Worry and Despair in the Fortuna's Camp, Kirk Suddenly Awakens to New and Thrilling Treachery.

The Adventurer

Lloyd Osbourne.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

LEWIS KIRKPATRICK (Kirk) is a young American who, stranded in London, embarks on a mysterious expedition that promises wealth. The expedition is under the leadership of four men: Westbrook, a famous inventor; Dr. Van Zedtz, a German scientist; Mrs. Hitchcock, an enormously wealthy old lady; and Capt. Jackson, a tough mariner. Westbrook buys a mighty ship, the Fortuna, stocked upon wheels, and thus capable of sailing on land. There are 200 men in the party. They are encamped near the ship in a south American plain. Kirk falls in love with Westbrook's lovely daughter, Vera. He is made second officer, when, with a picked crew, he starts on her infant's voyage. Von Zedtz was once captured and enslaved by savages in that country, and found a buried city called Cassiquia, containing a great subterranean chamber full of pearls. It is this hoard they seek. A vast army of mounted savages, armed with rifles and bows, attack them to root Kirk, takes command during the fight, and is forced to make captain Jackson and Dr. Officer Holmes being rescued for cowardice. Von Zedtz, at the bloodied, begs Kirk to whom she has become engaged to abandon the treasure trip. He refuses. She breaks the engagement.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Stolen Ship.

THE next day at dawn the mournful preparations had to be made to enter the dead. St. Aubyn had passed away during the night, and four graves had to be dug a little way from the ship.

By 10 o'clock the Fortuna was under way again, lying up closehauled against a stiff breeze. Cots had been stung for the wounded, alleviating in some slight measure the trying motion of the ship.

Mrs. Hitchcock appeared at table that day for the first time since Jackson's deposition. She was very subdued, though there was a gleam in her sunken black eyes that betokened mischief. But she was civil to everybody. Inquired the day's run, and comforted herself with a sort of stiff dignity that became her very well. Westbrook thought to catch up peace with her, and mistook her carefully calculated manner for an overture of friendship. But he was quickly undeceived.

"You fail to appreciate my position," she said coolly.

The Threat.

"You have everything your own way just now, and I am powerless. But I'll find a means to assert my rights long before you ever reach Cassiquia!"

My dear Mrs. Hitchcock," cried Westbrook, "it is most painful to hear you speak thus! May I not appeal to your good sense, your generosity, to set at rest this miserable misunderstanding? This is a time for brotherly standing together, shoulder to shoulder, and drop all our differences for the common good."

He rose and came over to her, holding out his hand.

"For Heaven's sake, let us be friends!" he exclaimed.

His soft, yellow face hardened and two little spots of red showed in her cheeks.

"We are not friends," she said.

Westbrook went back to his place and sat down again.

It was an unfortunate moment for Jackson to remark that he himself intended to sue him for a quarter of a million damage. "For abduction," he said, "not to speak of battery, piracy and wrongful dismissal!"

A Flash of Temper.

At this Westbrook's temper leaped all bounds.

"Then sue away!" he roared. "Sue, sue, sue! And I'll show you up in court for the coward you are! Yesterday we took your measure, Jackson, and if you ever say sue again, or as much as raise your little finger against us, we'll give you the swiftest trial a man ever got, and a frog-march forward! Sue, indeed! By heavens, we'll give you something to sue for!"

Jackson bent his head before the storm—his cheeks, his ears, the back of his head slowly turned to crimson.

Mrs. Hitchcock took up the challenge he dared not accept, and, trembling with passion, let fly the lash of her tongue.

The party broke up in disorder. The old woman's onslaught could only be evaded by flight. There ensued a general flight, her strident voice pursuing them as they hurried up the companion. All compromises had become impossible. It was to be war—war to the knife.

Trouble Ahead.

They all foresaw Westbrook, Von Zedtz, Crawshaw, Wicks, Goltz, and Kirk himself—that the temporary camp into which they pitched next day for the better care of the wounded, was likely to become a hotbed of treachery and disloyalty. With every safeguard it would be impossible to prevent Jackson and Mrs. Hitchcock from carrying on a propaganda for retreat. With the dazzling inducements the latter could offer—so tangible and sure in comparison to a treasure that was conceivably a myth—this period of delay was fraught with extreme danger. To many of these needy adventurers a sum of \$500,000 or \$100,000 was a veritable fortune in itself, and the bait was likely to be greedily taken.

The situation had to be faced with all the coolness and resolution they could muster, and it was determined to keep a close watch on the pair and nip anything in the nature of a conspiracy in the bud. Beale especially was to be under surveillance, though Wicks told them that the fellow had lost much of his authority among the crew, and that

they were overrating his capacity for evil. For Kirk the trying and deadly monotony of the days that followed had the added bitterness of his estrangement from Vera. He had apparently affronted her too deeply for forgiveness. She steadfastly refused his advances, kept all she could out of his way, and did not even pay him the compliment of betraying either anger or chagrin. In public—and he never saw her in any other time—her manner toward him was undisturbable from that she showed him, she addressed him just enough to give the rest no chance for remark or conjecture, and yet her girlish armor was impenetrable.

Love's Crooked Path.

One afternoon Kirk took a heavy squall of rain. Kirk took advantage of it to fill his water tanks, which he had already seriously depleted. He had put all hands on a rigid half allowance, and this alleviation was most welcome. The squabbling and heart-burning over water came near to assuming the proportions of a mutiny. The miserly pint that had been allowed for ablutions he had had to cut in half. His economy had been bitterly criticised, for of all hardships that of being dirty is the worst. The rain was a Godsend, relieving him as it did from these restrictions he had deemed it imperative to impose. Incidentally the squall drowned out the camp, blew down several tents—including his own—and incited every one to lend a hand. There was a scramble for soap for buckets, soap basins, Dixie fellows, stripped to the waist, floundering in soap suds, rubbing and scrubbing under the downpour with the glee of children. It was the first washday in Camp Weaver—and the fact that it was possibly the last as well, drove every one into the open with his arms full.

After the Storm!

As soon as the sun came out, Kirk had the winches going on board the Fortuna, and all her sails hoisted. He was afraid of their mellowing on the beams and yards, and wished to dry them thoroughly. Every sailor knows what havoc damp plays on board a ship, especially in the tropics, and how dearly neglect is punished. It cost Kirk a pang to hear the slapping of the beams, and watch the starting, uneasy sails as though the old ship herself was fretting to be off. He was fretting, too, and it seemed more unendurable than ever to be doomed to remain there, anchored to a dying man, while the precious wind was blowing itself to waste, together with all their hopes and plans.

He sighed, and went back to his tent, where it lay collapsed in a good-sized puddle. He got it up anew, pinned its soaking and bedraggled wardrobe to the guy ropes, and wondered if the world would ever be dry again. The air of comfortlessness everywhere, the yellow mud, the cigar that would not keep alight, his shivering feet, the disagreeable sensation of water trickling down his back—all were depressing to the spirit, and hard to bear with equanimity.

A Queer Resting Place.

Kirk, sick of the damp of the tent, crossed to the Fortuna, and, swimming himself up the spidery spokes of her front wheels, ensconced himself on the truck. This was a favorite place of his. For an undisturbed nap, and no equal to the hammock dreamed away many a hot hour, snugly hidden out of sight. It was cool, silent and peaceful, though a trifle hard to lie on. On this occasion it had the added advantage of being dry.

He took off his shoes and socks, unloosed his belt, and bundling up his coat into a pillow, fell into a doze.

He opened his eyes. Men were distractedly shouting and yelling. Through the rapidly revolving spokes of the wheels he saw Wicks with a rifle at his shoulder deliberately aiming at the ship. With this one exception the whole camp seemed to be in pursuit, as they might after a runaway, straggling out for a couple of hundred yards in breathless and panic-stricken confusion.

The Runaway.

For a moment Kirk thought the Fortuna had broken away of herself, but he was quickly undeceived by the explosion of Wicks's rifle—the threatening gestures of the pursuers—the cries, the execrations—more than all by the hoarse rattle of the steering chains as he watched them tauten and slacken in obedience to the helm accident?

Then it was no unlucky accident? A directing hand was guiding the mighty factor, and he could feel her speed quicken as the sheets were paid out and she was put dead before the wind. Doubled up on the journals, and holding on with a convulsive clutch, Kirk slowly began to recover possession of his faculties. Ah, he understood now those sly glances—Beale's unexpected willingness and good humor in working to dry the sails—the readiness of some to offer of the common good while better hand for the common good while better hand for the common good.

ter now held back, intent on rescuing their sudden belongings. It was as plain as daylight now.

Jackson and Beale had run away with the ship!

(To Be Continued.)

Better to Come Single.

NELL—I shouldn't care to have a twin brother.

Belle—Why not?

Nell—Just think of the impossibility of concealing one's age.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.



Circular Empire Skirt—Pattern No. 5877.

LONG, clinging lines are the ones demanded by the latest styles and the skirt that drapes the figure gracefully is the one in great demand. Here is an exceedingly satisfactory model that is circular and cut with modified Empire lines and which can be either tucked or gathered at the upper edge. In either case it takes ideal lines and folds and is admirably well adapted to almost all the fashionable materials.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 7 1/2 yards 27, 5 yards 44 or 52 inches wide with 1 1/2 yard of silk for the draped skirt.

Pattern No. 5877 is cut in sizes for 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

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